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Bacchus or Christ?

Belfast

1905

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BACCHUS

OR

BY
L. RENTOUL.

CHRIST?



"Oh joy! that in this Christian land
Should fall my happy fate."

2nd EDITION.

6d. net.

Bacchus or Christ?



By L. RENTOUL.

6d. nett.

POST FREE, 7½d.

PRESS NOTICES.



"Oh joy! that in this Christian land
Should fall my happy fate."

"This neat Booklet of 75 pages is a trumpet-peg to the Church. . . . No one can lay it down without being made aware of the peril in which the Church and nation stand."—*Irish Temperance League Journal*.

"The Book is eloquently written; it is full of scathing invective, and the language is not more strong than the facts warrant."—*Scottish Temperance Leader*.

"This is a scathing attack upon the drink traffic and the Church's relation to it. It is the protest of one who has the best interests of the Church at heart."—*Irish Congregational Magazine*.

"The arguments are illuminated by a wealth of illustration which shows wide reading in many fields of literature."—*Derry Standard*.

"Miss Rentoul has the gift of her people, whose intellectual endowment marks brightly the history of Ulster, and her power in satire and scorn is exceptional. . . . She is pitiless in satire, . . . and not lacking in conviction in much."—*Derry Journal*.

"The Booklet, *Bacchus or Christ*, is bound to make a stir. . . . Miss Rentoul has taken care to verify her facts."—*Christian Advocate*.

"*Bacchus or Christ* . . . ought to have a place upon the bookshelf of every temperance worker, and be put into the hands of every preacher and Sunday school teacher. It puts into burning words what too many have only been thinking. Its logic is unanswerable."—*Examiner*.

"As a manifesto on the temperance question, the publication is characterised by all the trenchancy of style which has distinguished Miss Rentoul's . . . writing on this subject. The case for out-and-out separation of the Church from the traffic is here stated with brilliancy and power."—*Northern Whig*.

"Will be certain of a wide circulation."—*Evening Telegraph*.

"For reason, argument, and logic, for fearless dealing with the Church's complicity with the liquor traffic, this work is without parallel during recent years."—*The Prohibitionist*.

"*Bacchus or Christ?* . . . The authoress (Miss L. Rentoul, Belfast) has managed to pack within its elegant covers a mass of significant facts, eloquently presented, and calculated to stir up Christian and Temperance workers alike. . . . Tastefully got up, and enriched with a number of 'F.C.G.' cartoons from 'Cartoons in Line and Rhyme.'"—*The Alliance News*.

"A powerful arraignment of the Christian church in Ireland for receiving the tainted money of the liquor traffic, thereby rendering evil respectable in the eyes of many, and entering into a degrading partnership with sin. . . . In Canada . . . there is still need of such admonitions as are contained in Miss Rentoul's pamphlet."—*The Canadian Orillia Packet*.

Preface to First Edition.

I HAVE been told that the opinions expressed in this pamphlet will give offence to some engaged in, or deriving income from, the liquor trade, and will give offence to some of the clergy. Should this be a fact, it would cause me deep sorrow, but could in no way affect my action in regard to any step connected with Temperance.

I believe the liquor trade is ruining our nation, destroying the human race, and making our professed Christianity a bye-word throughout the world.

I believe there are tens of thousands of men and women engaged in this trade, and deriving income from it, who would never have had anything to do with it had the trade been condemned by the Church.

I believe the Church is losing influence and power everywhere owing to her alliance with the liquor trade, and I know that as long as the clergy not only accept donations of liquor-made money in support of Church work, but pour loud and unreserved laudation on the donors, Temperance reform is impossible.

I state my belief in the hope that (should it be correct) even a few people may be induced to consider the desirability of severing a connection ruinous alike to the Church and the world.

I beg to sincerely thank Sir Wilfred Lawson and Mr. F. Carruthers Gould for permission most kindly accorded to reproduce from "Cartoons in Line and Rhyme" a few of the pages in which they have pressed home in England the lesson taught by the late John Bright—that Temperance reform can be got by the ministers of religion and the multitudes of good men and women who listen to them, but that without their zeal and co-operation it is impossible and a dream.

L. R.

June, 1905.

BACCHUS OR CHRIST?

BY
L. RENTOUL

Publishers:
DAVIDSON & M'CORMACK, 54 KING STREET, BELFAST.

1905.

Preface to Second Edition.

WHILST much gratified by the favourable notices of this pamphlet given by so many publications, I was surprised *The Irish Presbyterian* of July should describe it as being "as irritating as unconvincing," and should state that it "hurls a volley of assertions against . . . the clergy in particular."

The pamphlet contains nothing but a few indisputable facts, which seem surely to indicate that reform is needed both in the Church and the State.

These facts must be very "irritating" to those who profit directly or indirectly by the liquor trade. *The Irish Presbyterian* is the only paper, sacred or secular, to express this irritation.

This organ in the same number (page 102) says :—"So low had the tone of spiritual life fallen at this period, and so much was the Presbytery of Letterkenny out of sympathy with him, that they actually sat in judgment on Mr. ———'s conduct in this matter during the time this suit in the civil courts was still pending, and, to their shame be it told, pronounced his action to be highly reprehensible."

Bacchus or Christ deals with an evil which can be remedied by clergy who are living. *The Irish Presbyterian* "hurls a volley of assertions against clergy" who are dead, and in reference to "a shame" which they can neither repent of nor atone for.

The bravery which "plucks dead lions by the beard" is not likely to exhibit itself in a war against our strongly entrenched liquor trade ; so there is little hope that *The Irish Presbyterian* will lift on behalf of

the helpless poor that pen which, when rightly wielded, is, "mightier than the sword."

Another organ, published in Belfast and called *The Witness*, states in an editorial that "men, and especially ministers, . . . were held up to odium as if Bacchus rather than Christ was the object of their adoration."

The M.SS. of *Bacchus or Christ* was submitted to three clergymen who were asked to expunge any word or sentence they disapproved of. The pamphlet as it stands was published with their entire approval. They felt no "irritation," and they saw no "odium" cast on themselves. They are all labouring for Temperance reform, and they found nothing but sad truth in the following pages.

These men, in common with a few other clergy throughout the Catholic and Protestant Churches of the Three Kingdoms, are to-day imploring their brethren to cast out from their midst ill-gotten gains, to obey the injunction—"Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing"—and to make the Church a mighty weapon in defence of the slums.

The answer to their appeal must largely determine the fate of the Church, for if that great, numerous, and costly organisation prove herself useless, and worse than useless, in regard to those things which are seen and temporal, how is she to be trusted in regard to the things which are unseen and eternal ?

L. R.

November, 1905.

The spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye crush My people, and grind the face of the poor? saith the Lord.

ISAIAH iii. 15.



In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

PSALM xxvi. 10.



A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and perverts the words of the righteous.

DEUT. xvi. 19.



A man's gift maketh room for him.

PROV. xviii. 16.



A gift in secret pacifieth anger.

PROV. xxi. 14.



A gift destroyeth the understanding.

ECCL. vii. 7.



He that hateth gifts shall live.

PROV. xv. 27.

BACCHUS OR CHRIST?

AN effort is being organised in the various Churches to push forward in an aggressive manner a war against the liquor trade. It is mainly a movement of the laity, but that God, who is the same yesterday and to day and for ever, has not left the laity like sheep without a shepherd, or like guerilla bands without an officer to lead the ranks, for, in response to an almost universal cry, "Come over and help us," a few clergy have taken their stand where the laity love to see their clergy—in the forefront of the battle, and leading the van in a temperance war against an enemy whose battle-cry is, "Our trade, our politics," and whose marching orders are, "Make your influence felt." The temperance workers have determined to adopt the enemy's marching orders, but their battle-cry is, "God and the Right," and their motto the old time one, "Holiness to the Lord."

The clerical leaders of this temperance movement are imbued with the spirit of that renowned English clergyman who loved truth better than "the powers that be," and whose sermons are described as "breathing fiery indignation against cruelty and tyranny," and "quick sympathy with poverty, suffering, and debasement." We are not surprised to read that "it would have been a miracle if his outspokenness

had passed without remonstrance from the authoritative and privileged classes;" but the reply of the undaunted preacher was—"As long as God gives me life and strength I will never cease to attack, in the way of my profession and to the best of my abilities, any system of principles injurious to the public happiness, whether they be sanctioned by the voice of the many or whether they be not; and may the same God take that unworthy life away whenever I shrink from the contempt and misrepresentation to which my duty shall call me to submit."

II. The opponents of the temperance effort assert that those who ask for a purified Church are hostile to the Church and to God's ministers.

Was Isaiah hostile to either when he said—"The priest and prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment"? Was he hostile to church-going when he said—"Who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts? Your incense is an abomination to me"?

Was Jeremiah hostile when he said—"Both prophet and priest are profane. Yea in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord. . . . They strengthen the hands of evil doers, that none doth return from his wickedness, . . . for from the prophets of Jerusalem is profaneness gone forth into all the land. But if they had stood in my counsel and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil ways, and from the evil of their doings"?

Was Ezekiel hostile to God or God's ministers when he said—"Her priests have violated my law, and have profaned mine holy things; they have put no difference between the holy and the profane, neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean, and have hid their eyes from my sabbaths, and I am profaned among them"? Was he hostile when he spoke of the prophets as divining lies, saying, "Thus saith the Lord God, when the Lord had not spoken"?

Was Micah hostile to either when he said—"They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money"?

Was Zephaniah hostile when he said—"Her prophets are light and treacherous persons; her priests have profaned the sanctuary, they have done violence to the law"?

Was Malachi hostile when he said—"The priests' lips should keep knowledge, but ye have caused many to stumble in the way; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of Hosts. Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have had respect of persons in the law"?

Was Christ hostile to either when He said—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law. Ye blind guides, which strain at the gnat and swallow the camel"?

Was Wycliffe hostile to either when he declared, in regard to the sale of rags and bones by the clergy in his church—"I shall not die but live to declare the evil deeds of friars"?

Was Luther hostile to either when he roused Europe against the sale of Indulgences giving permission to commit crimes? If not, why then are those held hostile to either, who urge on their various Churches a dissolution of partnership with a trade unspeakably worse than Tetzel's? His trade only gave *permission* to commit crimes. The liquor trade (which the Churches refuse to condemn) gives inducement of an overwhelming nature to commit crimes.

To-day thousands are asking, "What can we do to keep our loved ones out of the octopus clutches of drink influences?" When answered with words about the Manichean heresy, and the complicity with the liquor trade of those who read newspapers which contain liquor advertisements, or eat bread which contains the fundamental elements of our national whiskey, are they hostile to God's cause and God's servants if they reply—"We asked for a fish, and ye give us a serpent. Ye be blind leaders of the blind"?

Temperance workers do not for a moment forget that in the front rank of the world's heroes have stood some of the clergy. Not alone in Old and New Testament times have there been prophets who chose to be stoned or sawn asunder rather than deny God's truth, or forsake the cause of the poor and needy; for in more recent days also the pages of the world's history tell of clergy whose names "stir men's

hearts like the sound of a trumpet"—Polycarp, Ignatius, and Clement in the early centuries, are followed by Telemachus, Dominic, Wycliffe, Huss, Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Whitfield, and the list—which could be prolonged indefinitely—ends up in our own day with a Damien, a Livingstone, and a "fighting parson," Adams. But these men, and their living representatives, have always been found fighting where the war with sin has raged most fiercely, and where the cry of the helpless and outcast was loudest, and never have they been found prostrating themselves before gold rings and goodly apparel. They were all men who understood that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and that sermons and ceremonials do not constitute religion; and it is to such men to-day, and not to men who "judge for reward," and "teach for hire," and "divine for money," that we look for help to lead us out of the wilderness of a tainted Church, and a drunken land, and into the Canaan of a purified Church and a sober Ireland.

III. If our various Churches will not boycott the making and selling of God-cursed strong drink, shall we be hostile to God and God's ministers if we boycott these Churches and leave them to their Church-blest trade?

In America, less than fifty years ago, the Bible was ransacked from the period of Ham to that of Onesimus for arguments in defence of slavery. Is it wise to ransack it to-day from the period of Noah to that of Timothy for arguments in favour of the liquor trade? Slavery fell, for it was cursed by God and ab-

horred by all except the slave traders and the slave owners.

It needs no prophet to see that the liquor trade—cursed of God, and abhorred by all who know its evils and do not share its profits—will fall. Would it not then be wisdom from above to hasten its fall; would it not be wisdom of the world to be on the winning side, and is it not sinning against our God-given conscience to quote the Bible in its defence? As a Nation and a Church we have rejected the Bible by the legalised manufacture and sale of strong drink, and some have even dared to quote the Bible in defence of our national sin—a sin which Dean Farrar has spoken of as ensuring for us a greater and vastly less pitied fall than that of Tyre and Sidon. As we have rejected the Bible in practice, would it not be well to close it for a little, and deal with the liquor question and the complicity of the Churches in this trade merely from the standpoint of a heathen possessed of common sense?

IV. Our liquor bill is growing, our list of drink crimes is increasing, "Inebriate Homes" for Women are becoming a national necessity, and yet we are gravely told that there is no need for a "Forward Movement," because organisations are dealing with Temperance are legion.

V. The last statement is unquestionably true. Who has not attended many Temperance meetings and heard many Temperance sermons, and endless Temperance prayers? but who, having read Isaiah i. 15, "When you make many prayers I will not hear;

your hands are full of blood," could expect an answer to the Temperance prayers of Britain? and who, remembering our liquor-endowed, and often liquor-managed churches, could regard Temperance sermons as differing in any way from the words of the son who said to his father, "I go," and went not.

VI. Under circumstances such as these can anyone fail to admire the splendid buoyant courage of the small band which, in spite of all these Temperance words, continued to believe in Temperance deeds as possible? This band to-day is showing to the country that the Lord's side is not that of those who cry, "Temperance is desirable, but the liquor trade must not be stigmatised or boycotted, and, above all things, the Union must not be imperilled."

As a result of the labours carried on for years, and amid gigantic difficulties, by this undaunted band, there is rising all over the three kingdoms to-day a mighty flood of temperance reform. There are men who think they can stop it; but they remind one of an estimable old lady, Mrs. Partington by name, who got panic stricken because of a great upheaval of the Atlantic; she rushed out with pattens and wiop, and endeavoured to beat back the rising tide. We are told that Mrs. Partington "was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but should not have meddled with a tempest."

The Temperance movement has for so far been mainly opposed by those "things of shreds and patches"—the anonymous letter writers—who from behind the hedge of assumed names are not ashamed

to attack those who do not hesitate to take their stand in the open; or by men who have endeavoured by wicked, misleading talk about peril to the Union, or peace in the Church, to induce temperance workers to pause in their labours.

Peace in a Church which fondles the liquor trade! Should the answer not be that of Jehu, "What peace, oh Jezebel, since thy witchcrafts are so many"? Peril to the Union! What does this mean? Are all Mr. Balfour's followers (in Parliament or striving to get in) members of that organization whose political war cry is, "Our trade our politics," and if so, are they worthy protégés of the Church, and should the clergy scramble on their platforms in eager haste and with loud acclaim?

The farmers of Ireland, without capital, scholastic training, or wealthy organization, broke the power of a vast monopoly; but their clergy, having an interest in the land question, fought by their side.

The Temperance workers would have little difficulty in breaking the power of the liquor monopoly if only the clergy would stand as unanimously by their side in a war on behalf of Christ's poor and tempted and afflicted brothers and sisters, as they stood by the side of the farmers of Ireland in a land campaign.

The result of 50 years of liquor-donated Church warfare(?) with "the trade" is that "the trade" now dominates the House of Lords, rules the State, and paralyzes the Church, and is destroying the human race.

VII. That famous English clergyman—Sidney

Smith—wrote: "The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe. I know no greater blessing, but it carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out, 'The Church is in danger,' may get a place and a good pension, and that any administration which will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted by the very boys in the street. *But it is not all religion.*"

Now, if Sidney Smith were here to day would he not tell us that any villain who will bawl out, "The Union is in danger, don't imperil it in your Temperance work," is pleasing vastly the liquor trade, and placing in positions of power in the State a set of men, who, at a moment of stationary and passive political life, would, as the most selfish enemies of their race, be hooted by the very boys in the street. *But it is not all Unionism*, and it savours mightily of that deference shown to the man with a gold ring and goodly apparel." Wicked, time-serving talk about a national crisis has sometimes induced Temperance workers to pause in their labours.

VIII. *What is a national crisis?*

It has never been denied that Mr. Gladstone spoke correctly when he said the British liquor trade did more harm than war, famine, and pestilence; and so, when in Ireland we hear of Temperance *versus* a great national crisis, are we not forced to ask what crisis in the world's history ever equalled the crisis before us at the present time? Our country awaiting

the auctioneer's hammer to fall to the bid of the distiller and brewer. Temperance workers paralysed into apathetic despair, and the Church of Christendom allied to "the trade" in a manner which has rendered her futile as a power for good, and has made an organisation, which might be the most noble, honoured, and beloved on earth, an object of scornful and sorrowful commiseration.

Therefore, when clergymen speak of the Union *versus* Temperance, are we not forced to say, "Would to God they had taken the oath of fealty to King Edward and not to King Jesus," and when the professed friends of Temperance speak of the Union *versus* Temperance, can we fail to remember that Cæsar was approached with words of friendship, but fell by the knife of friendly (?) assassins; that Tyndale was betrayed by his friend and burnt at the stake; that a man's foes have sometimes been those of his own household; and that Christ was greeted with "Hail Master," and was betrayed with a kiss?

Happily there are both clergy and laity determined to end the alliance with the liquor trade, and determined to adopt that splendid phrase, "No trafficking with traitors," but to have it uttered by the adherents of Christ in their dealings with the adherents of Bacchus.

IX. What war can possibly be so incumbent on a Church as a war against the liquor trade?

What is the supposed purpose of a Church militant? Is it not to fight against sin?

What is the professed object of the Christian warfare? Is it not to rescue the perishing?

What is declared to be the duty of religious teachers? Is it not to endeavour to turn sinners "from their evil ways and from the evil of their doings?"

It is said that the dissolution of the friendship between the Church Courts and the liquor trade is beset by difficulties. Possibly there may be some microscopic difficulties, though invisible to plain people. However, difficulties have been overcome in the world's history. Leading an enslaved nation out of Egypt was difficult; but one man, obedient to God, overcame the difficulties. Entering Canaan was difficult; but one man surmounted the difficulties, for he trusted God's promise, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee;" and he remembered God's command, "Be thou strong and very courageous. . . . This book of the law . . . do according to all that is written therein . . . then thou shalt have good success. . . . Be strong and of a good courage: be not afraid, neither dismayed." Reaching Calvary was difficult, but the summit was reached nevertheless.

X. Had the Church of Christendom been obedient to the simple, indisputable commands of the Bible, she would have been a mighty instrument for the uplifting and regenerating of mankind, and a potent aid towards the fulfilment of our daily prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." As it is—alleged with the liquor trade—the very faint hold which the Church still retains over the human race is wholly

due to the fact that here and there is found a man, who, on enlisting as a soldier of Jesus Christ, realised that he took service under One whose kingdom was not of this world—whose statement was, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and whose mission on earth was "to seek and to save the perishing."

The organization named to-day the Church of Christ has formed a close and intimate friendship with an organization the most cruel which the world has ever seen, and productive of more crime, degradation, sorrow and despair than have ever been produced by any power on earth before.

XI. To the members of this liquor organization (makers, sellers and shareholders) was recently issued a manifesto, "Make your influence felt."

Peter Plymley writes in regard to a call made by the Prime Minister for "measures of vigour" in Ireland. "If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret; if I walked to church every Sunday before eleven young gentlemen with their faces washed and their hair pleasingly combed—if the Almighty had blessed me with every earthly comfort—how awfully would I pause before I sent forth the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland."

Do men of the Christian liquor trade never pause before they go down in their carriages to the House of Commons to button-hole every new arrival, and urge him to oppose a Sunday Closing Bill? Do they never pause before they issue a manifesto to their poor myrmidons throughout the land (those un-



*"Oh joy! that in this Christian land
Should fall my happy fate."*

*My kind friend
R.G. and his wife
and children*

fortunate publicans who are rushed to an early drunkard's grave in their tied houses)? Do they never look aghast at their manifesto, "Make your influence felt"?

"Make it felt in order that we may get the price on Saturday night and Sunday morning of another blanket snatched from the cradle of the drunken mother's child—make it felt in order that we may give another glass of gin for the price of the pauper's wretched garment—make it felt so that we may get the three ha'pence for which (Gough tells us) the father sold the Testament that he stole from under the pillow of his dying child—make it felt, even though the final glasses we shall sell will send a son home to murder his father, and expiate, not his crime, but ours, on the gallows after the next assizes." A savage from heathendom would pause indeed.

XII. But what of these things? Have not my lords and ladies in the trade regularly partaken of the broken body and shed blood of Him who said, "Woe unto him that causeth one of these little ones to stumble"? and are they not on our Mission boards and on Church committees, and may they not erect another chancel arch, or present us with another scholarship for our divinity schools?

XIII. In considering the grave question of separation from the drink trade on the part of the Church as a whole, or on the part of individual professing Christians, surely Presbyterians who assent to the words of Answer II. in the Shorter Catechism, "The Bible is the only rule to direct us," should talk

less of Aristotle and Dr. Hodge and the Manichean Heresy, and read with more attention Matthew xviii. 7, where we have the words of Christ Himself, "Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh."

Surely it can only be with the view of blinding the eyes of those who are not college-bred that anyone can be guilty of insinuating that a knowledge of Martensen or Aristotle is requisite to the full understanding of God's law in regard to intoxicating drink. And surely when such an insinuation is made by people who have received a university education, we are forced to feel that there may be much truth in the statement of that distinguished Oxford scholar, the founder of "The Edinburgh Review," who said, "The only consequences of a University education are the growth of vice and the waste of money;" and to agree with the declaration of Luther, that "no man could be at once a proficient in the school of Aristotle and in that of Christ."

XIV. Some, in defending the use of liquor money for religious purposes, have attached much importance to the translation of a word in Joshua vii. 11.

It is generally known that there are not five people in Ireland capable of discussing the point, and those who know anything of foreign languages are well aware that there is not a scholar in Europe who would dream of pronouncing authoritatively as to the finer shades of meaning of an adjective in the

Hebrew Scriptures; but, grant that this disputed adjective means anything or nothing, how does its meaning affect the Temperance question? Others have argued themselves hoarse over the particular brand of wine which made Noah drunk. Is not this as immaterial as whether our men and women, and boys and girls are tempted by the whiskey of Findlater, so belauded in the Presbyterian Church, or by the brand of Lyle & Kinahan, the endowers of the Belfast Cathedral, or by the Dublin porter of Lords Iveagh and Ardilaun, or the liquor which has donated most largely our brethren in Maynooth?

XV. The sad fact is that ours is a drunken nation, and the important question is, can we find a national cure? Temperance workers believe there is no possibility of a cure unless the Christian (?) Church will place her ban upon the liquor trade, or unless the temperance party will forsake the liquor-endowed Church. Have they ground for their belief?

XVI. The Presbyterian Church has claimed the right to say who is a worthy follower of Christ, and the Presbyterian laity have acquiesced in this claim. Therefore, for Presbyterians, their Church is the final court of appeal in matters of conduct and character; and she holds in her hands the absolute power of rendering any trade respectable or disreputable, and she (by begging of its profits and smiling at its sin) has aided her sister churches in rendering the liquor trade so respectable that it is now the most rapid road to wealth and power, peerages and, save the mark! Christian prestige.

As a consequence of the united action on the part of the churches in condoning the liquor trade, Christian Britain is the most drunken land on which the sun shines to-day, and a cry for reformation is arising, not alone from the wretched poor in the slums, around whom a deadly network has been woven, but the cry comes also from the Bench, the Bar, the Army, the Medical Profession, and society at large, and so in amazement we are forced to ask, "Does the Church alone stand with uplifted hands to bless the liquor trade?"

Our churches have received with loudest laudation (and without a single hint of disapproval as to its source) a few paltry sums of money, and for these sums liquor traders have got their names emblazoned on church reports, in educational establishments, and even in the records of our divinity schools. For how much of the drunkenness of Ireland have these trivial bribes to answer?

XVII. If we built colleges and endowed all over the country schools for boys, with funds handed to us by the Pamell family, whom we always lauded to the skies, and if we placed before the eyes of the boys of Ireland Emmet prizes and Wolfe Tone studentships, and Henry Grattan exhibitions, how long would Mr. Redmond have to wait in order to have the youth of Ireland, from North to South, from East to West, trooping under his banner, and shouting—

"Who fears to speak of '98?

Who blushes at the name?"

"Who to the heathen far away
Sends Christian men to preach and pray,
And bring them to a brighter day?
My Brewer."



"Who fills our slums with waifs and strays?
Who havoc with our nation plays,
And brings disgrace on all our ways?
My Brewer."

as whole heartedly and as lustily as our young men
of the various Christian churches shout,

"For he's a jolly good fellow,"

on these occasions, when they see another fortress
in Westminster captured by the liquor trade, and
another gun placed on the enemy's walls from which
deadly grape shot is to be poured for 111 hours a
week on the helpless of our land?

It is said the profits of the Church from the
liquor trade are very trifling. Certainly, extremely so.

Liquor traders love money beyond all the other
sons and daughters of Mammon, otherwise they
would not sell their own birthright and the birthright
of their nation, and the honour of the nominal
Christian Church, for gold; and men and women
"hugely wealthy, very powerful, and very prominent,"
would not form a determined combination to snatch
the bread out of the mouths of starving children, and
the roof from over the heads of helpless women, and
the manhood and life from the poor toil-worn sons
of humanity. Loving money thus with heart and
strength, it is not likely that the liquor trade will buy
from the Church indulgences and good conduct stripes
at any but the market price. In the Presbyterian
Church this price is lowest of all, viz., a whiskey church
in Dublin, a few country churches, a whiskey chapel
for divinity students, a whiskey divinity scholarship in
Magee College, three whiskey divinity scholarships in
the Assembly's College, and a few other trifling gifts.

In the Episcopal Church the price for good con-
duct stripes is higher, viz., a porter cathedral in the

Coombe, a whiskey church in Dublin, called Christ Church ("Betrayed with a kiss"), a sacred edifice in Cork, a whiskey chancel arch in the Belfast Cathedral, and a chancel in St. Peter's, Belfast; a quantity of chaste painted glass, and some peals of porter bells, judiciously placed where they will best silence and pervert.

I do not know the price of good conduct stripes in the Catholic Church. I have not yet had time to make inquiries on the subject.

It is asserted in some quarters that people cannot be condemned on account of their calling, for that calling may include good men. Only a student of Aristotle and whiskey-endowed divinity could propound such a monstrous theory. How many callings in this country are condemned by both the Church and society? The income of these callings is small and precarious, which of course places them on a totally different footing from a calling where the gains are always certain and enormous, as is the case with the liquor trade. But grant such a gross absurdity as a good man preying on the human race, then, even so, are we not to condemn the occupation?

There was a young man whose name was Saul. I venture to say that even before that memorable journey towards Damascus, Saul the Pharisee was as good a man as any member of the liquor trade. Yet the goodness of that young Pharisee did not prevent the Son of Man from saying, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer,

therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." (Matt. xxiii. 14).

The laity are assured that the sums given by "the trade" are so pitifully small that the cause of Christ and of humanity is not betrayed on account of these. The laity, not having time for much study outside the Bible, are sadly aware that communion with God was lost for the paltry price of some forbidden fruit; that Esau's birthright was sold for a mess of pottage; Samson's strength for a woman's smile; and the Saviour of the world for thirty pieces of silver. All these prices seem to uncultured laymen as pitifully small as a cathedral or a scholarship, and therefore they believe in "no trafficking with traitors;" they fear "the trade" as much as that ancient Trojan feared the Greeks even when bearing gifts, and they resent the enemy's gifts in the Church treasury as much as a nation at war would resent gifts from the foe in the pockets of her generals, or in the war funds of her army.

If these gifts are asserted to be from penitents in the trade, the Presbyterian laity reply that a penitent is required to turn "with grief and hatred of his sin from it unto God with full purpose of and endeavour after new obedience." I, as one of the laity, say I should infinitely prefer that the £14,000,000 got last year by "the trade" had been stolen from the men and women of Ireland rather than wrested out of their pockets across the counter of a bar-room or a public-house; and I believe "the trade" in stealing the money would not have transgressed the law of

the Old and New Testament at all as much as they transgressed it by their legalized Church-patronized trade. This, of course, is only a pious opinion which I might not hold if I had read more of Aristotle and Dr. Hodge and less of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism.

XVIII. Church members who regard with abhorrence liquor-built churches, and liquor-endowed secular and religious education are advised to use quiet, plodding methods of pushing on by prayer and example the Temperance campaign.

XIX. Is there a Temperance worker in the world who does not know the hopeless futility of quiet, plodding work? Temperance workers have (with incalculable self-sacrifice) done invaluable service to Christendom by creating a Temperance sentiment, and they have roused a widespread passionate desire to see our land rescued from the liquor trade, and to see our people snatched from under her Juggernaut wheels; but the drink-bill is as appalling as ever, the drink crimes go on increasing, there is scarcely a home in the land that has not had some of its members dragged into the whirlpool of strong drink.

Is it not then the duty of all people to abandon quiet, plodding methods, which have proved hopelessly ineffective, and to cease to regard as war on the liquor trade concerts for children, annual discourses on the Temperance question, and meetings at which music and political addresses and comic stories are the leading incidents?

Is it not the duty of all people to urge their

churches to dissolve the liquor partnership and to cease refusing to stigmatize or boycott "the trade"? Is it not the duty of all people to labour for a united Christian effort for Temperance reform, knowing, as all must do, that spasmodic effort here and there, on the part of either a Church or an individual, is practically labour in vain?

XX. A writer in the *Northern Whig*, who signs himself "Observer," has twitted temperance workers with the ignorance of ethics which leads them to demand anything so foolish as entire separation from the liquor trade.

Anyone who has ever glanced at a selection of literary or religious Tit-Bits knows the names of all the great ethical writers; but those who have studied ethical works and who are familiar with their Bibles are well aware that the concentrated wisdom of all the ethical writers of the world, from Plato and Socrates to Martineau and Carlyle, is but as a rushlight before the blaze of a noon-day sun in comparison to the ethics contained in that treasure-house of ethical teaching known to us as the Bible. And those who are fortunate enough to be familiar with the Shorter Catechism are well aware that a system of theological teaching, unrivalled in the world, is concentrated into its one hundred and seven paragraphs. Therefore students of the Bible and of the Shorter Catechism have no hesitation in demanding that their churches cease to be the bulwark and fortress of the liquor trade, and in demanding more aggressive Temperance warfare than that which confines itself to inducing

children not yet in their teens to sign life pledges and to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in liquor-endowed churches to the accompaniment of liquor-bought harmoniums.

XXI. Happily there is one Temperance organization (the Rechabite) which has no belief in such mimic warfare as singing hymns and then going home to profit by the liquor trade. This organization, though the oldest, largest, and wealthiest Friendly Society of Total Abstinents in existence, is nevertheless not as widely known in its aims and objects as it ought to be.

What are the aims of the Rechabites?

1. To promote Total Abstinence..
2. Never to engage in any department of the liquor trade.
3. To assist others in time of sickness, accident, or distress.
4. To encourage, by insurance and other means, thrift and industry among the members.
5. Not to take intoxicating liquor except at the Lord's Table, and in clearly defined cases of illness.

(Leaders in the medical world have told us that the breaking of the abstainer's pledge is unnecessary for physical health. Is there any hope that leaders in the religious world may soon tell us that the breaking of it is unnecessary for spiritual well-being? King Edward has declared that there is no need for intoxicating liquor on the table of those who wish to proclaim homage to him. How much longer will it be considered necessary to have intoxicants on the

Table of the King of kings, who Himself instituted the Memorial Supper with the fruit of the vine?) Need they be long considered necessary in the Presbyterian Church, in view of the fact that the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox states that ceremonies and details ought to be altered "when they cease to be conducive to edification."

XXII. It is said Churches of importance or size cannot separate themselves from liquor.

In regard to the effect of obedience to that seldom quoted, and more seldom obeyed, ethical book—the Bible—Rev. S. Simms, in *Northern Whig* of December 2nd, stated that the American Presbyterian Church (having 10,000 ministers) has emphatically pronounced against and separated herself from the liquor trade, and that the Evangelical Churches of America take the same stand, with the result that thirty million people are now living under prohibitory law; and the Rev. William M'Kean gives us the consequences. He says he was several months in America, and did not see a drunken man or woman.

With facts like these known to the world, on what ground is it possible for any Christian Church to refuse to "boycott" or "stigmatize" "the trade"?

XXIII. In the March number of the "United Temperance Gazette," the Rev. L. A. Hicks, M.A., Canon of the Manchester Cathedral, says—"In Manchester and elsewhere the Christian conscience has revolted against the domination of a discredited trade, and has struck a blow for purity. In such efforts the National Church took no corporate or prominent

share. She was blind to the opportunity and duty—unwilling to speak or act. The duty of the Church was clearly two-fold. First—Let it wash its hands from all complicity with the horrors and crimes of the drink trade. It must refuse to take the brewer's money for its sacred uses. No brewer must open Church bazaars or sit upon Church councils." And the same magazine, when reporting the meeting of the recent Church Congress at Liverpool, quotes the following words of the Venerable Archdeacon Emery: "We must do without the brewers' gold. They give it to us to win credit for their trade." The Bishop of Liverpool declares "he could not accept a farthing from a man whose fortune was made out of the misery and degradation of our great slum parishes."

Had this been the usual tone of the Christian pulpit in past years would it not have saved thousands of men from entering (in their inexperienced boyhood) the liquor trade, and thousands of women from inscribing their names on that list which proclaims them accessories before the fact in the ruin of their brother and the degradation and starvation of their sister, and their sister's worse than orphaned children?

XXIV. This Magazine also tells of a Presbyterian Temperance Council recently formed in Belfast for the purpose of entering upon an aggressive Temperance campaign. A most hopeful feature in regard to this Council is that it consists of an equal number of ministers and laity.

Throughout the country those of the laity who do not profit by "the Trade" are almost unanimous in

their desire for Temperance reform. Could the clergy not guide and utilize this desire, so that Temperance reform might speedily become a reality instead of a visionary dream?

XXV. The great question of Church partnership with the Liquor trade is to be brought up in the General Assembly in June. No one can for a moment anticipate that any minister will quote the Bible in defence of that partnership; but should any one do so, surely temperance workers will reply: "You have appealed to Cæsar, then to Cæsar let us go." Surely they will say: "You use your position as a standard-bearer to support the most iniquitous trade that was ever carried on on earth; we therefore ask, where is the Bible authority for a stated ministry, for marriage as a religious ceremony, for the right to admit to, or exclude from, the Lord's Supper, for the naming of children, for religious funeral services? These things are a mere framework on which to weave the web of a religious life, and they have grown up as a matter of expediency, and so long as they help to make for righteousness we are glad and thankful for them; but the moment they are used as a vantage ground from which to distort the pattern of religion given to us by God, that moment we must cry out against their existence, otherwise we are false to the Bible and false to our God-given reason."

The Bible gives no uncertain sound on any religious question, and so we have our Old Testament summary of man's religious duty: "One thing the Lord requireth of thee, to deal justly, to love mercy,

and to walk humbly with thy God; and our New Testament definition: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless and to keep himself unspotted from the world." We have the whole Christian doctrine compressed into one luminous sentence by Jesus, who came to seek and to save the perishing, who came to help those "naked and sick and imprisoned." The sentence is, "Whosoever doeth My works, the same shall know of My doctrine." Therefore, the standard-bearer who defends—nay, who does not repudiate with all his heart and soul—the liquor trade has "corrupted the covenant and has had respect of persons in the law."

Isaiah says, "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for a reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him."

Christ says, "Woe unto him that placeth a stumbling-block in his brother's way."

In view of these statements and of the whole tenor of the Bible it is only possible to defend the liquor trade if we discard the Bible and adopt as our new commandment Iago's counsel, "Put money in thy purse."

In the *Whig* of May 16th we read that near Cookstown some football players on the preceding Sabbath were attacked and had to be given the protection of fifty police, and that for the present twenty extra police have to be retained in the neighbourhood.

In the same column of that paper we read the

following telegram, which shows us the result of the liquor game played on the Sabbath, and with the acquiescence of the Church—"Maddened with liquor, a house cleaner named Robinson to-day shot and wounded his landlady and stabbed her son to death. He descended to the next floor and killed a carpenter. He then cycled to the house of the inland revenue collector and killed his son, wounded the collector's wife, and fired a bullet which tore off the top of his own head. There is no reason to think that he bore ill-feeling towards his five victims."

Now, if any organization received with loud eulogium donations from the Sabbath-playing football teams, and pronounced the captains of these teams great benefactors, and noble-hearted men, would not that organization present a strange appearance if it posed as an anti-football league, and delivered in the halls endowed with football donations addresses mainly directed against people who had been knocked down and trampled to death by the teams?

The Church is a liquor-endowed organization which poses as the friend of Temperance reform—at the same time that the money from "the trade" is proclaimed "consecrated" in almost all Christian Churches. If the money is consecrated, then the work which produced that money must be consecrated too. If it is right to accept liquor-made money for ecclesiastical purposes, then it must be right to accept barrels of beer and whiskey and sell these openly and directly for the good of the Church.

It is not possible for anyone to hold more firmly

than I do the belief that the Sabbath is one of God's best gifts to man, and that it can best be used by "a holy resting all that day even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days;" therefore I do not like Sabbath football matches, but I like them vastly better than our Sabbath public-houses, and who that has ever taken a Sabbath walk through the back streets of Belfast would not prefer the consecrated profits of a Sabbath football match to the consecrated profits of a Sabbath (or even a week-day) public-house?

A random statement that he "would take the devil's money to fight the devil," is ascribed to a former Presbyterian minister, and is quoted *ad nauseam*, and with as much apparent authority as if it had emanated from Mount Sinai. Now the liquor money, rightly described as the devil's money, has been taken, but the devil has not been fought, for in the Churches the number of those profiting by "the trade" is at least four times as great as fifty years ago. "The trade" has become ennobled, and it is owing to Church patronage that liquor traders are now "hugely wealthy, very powerful, and very prominent."

Now, if real Temperance reform is desired, and real war against "the trade" meant, would it not be possible to turn the zeal of Cookstown and other Sabbatarians in the direction of casting beams out of our own eyes? Would it not be possible to guide their energies into a channel of work which would soon procure a Sabbath closing bill? Might this zeal not be more pleasing to the Saviour of mankind (who

stated, "He that is not against Me is with Me") than the zeal which in Ulster chased the Catholics over the Gobbins, and in Palestine desired to call down fire from heaven?

Would a little true zeal on behalf of the poor and destitute and tempted and naked and hungry not cause the Dagon god of drink to crumble to pieces, as the Dagon god of the Philistines fell before the presence of the Ark of the Covenant?

XXVI. It is stated that our past Temperance methods are quite sufficient, for that much progress has been made.

Certainly progress has been made, but by the Church's liquor friends, not by her Temperance friends.

Fifty years ago the liquor trade was carried on by the very poor, in little inns, up back alleys, or in secluded side streets, and the *bona-fide* traveller on arriving in our towns would have had (even on a week day) some trouble in finding a place in which to allay his *bona-fide* thirst.

Now Gin Palaces—adorned in golden letters with the names of High Sheriffs and Members of Parliament, Baronets and Peers, Office-bearers in the Christian Church, Lord Mayors and "great philanthropists"—stand at every corner of the street.

Fifty years ago a meagre livelihood was made through liquor which was provided for us by penniless peasant women, broken down farmers, and commercially-minded superannuated butlers. Now our porter is served out by Lords Iveagh and Ardilaun,

our beer by Lord Burton and Mr. Bass, M.P., and by Baron Hindlip and his son, the Hon. Mr. Allsopp, M.P., our whiskey by Sir William Findlater, ex-M.P., and surely the Belfast Cathedral can, in gratitude for a whiskey-built chancel arch, command at least a couple of knighthoods for Lyle & Kinahan. Our public-houses, which used to have their little signboards hiding themselves under the eaves, and bearing humble poverty-tempted names, now flaunt forth in Cork adorned with nothing less than the name (once a name to conjure with) of Sharman Crawford of Crawfordsburn, and the less-known one of his colleague, Mr. Beamish, of Cork.

What evil-trade-endowed with the wisdom of this world, would not build churches and provide steeples with chimes of bells?

The publicity given to liquor donations would lead that oft-quoted person, "the intelligent foreigner," to the conclusion that all but liquor purses are hermetically sealed.

In January last, £1,000 was given by Mr. James Buchanan to the fund opened by the *Daily Mail* for West Ham. In very large capitals this was placarded all over England as "a munificent gift." Mr. Buchanan was named "a great philanthropist;" his whiskey was mentioned in almost every London paper—his name was associated with that of many well-known workers among, and for, the poor—and his letter was lithographed across three columns of the *Daily Mail*!

The *Daily Mail*, however, was to prosecute any public-house which would accept food tickets from that

LORD BURTON TO THE KING



*"'Twas beer, your Majesty, strong beer,
Which, as you know, made me a peer;
If you will only learn to brew,
God knows what it will make of you!"*

25th February, 1902.

By kind permission of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and F. C. G.

office in exchange for liquor, and it made no stipulation in favour of Mr. Buchanan's whiskey—which was decidedly ungrateful on the part of that paper.

Mr. Buchanan's ordinary advertisements are pictorial, and worthy of study; as they alone do even faint justice to the liquor trade. His placards—several feet square—decorate the hoardings of London, and proclaim that "Black and White is the best whiskey." This statement is illustrated by various pictures. One represents two great, sleek, well-fed, well-cared for, powerful hounds in full pursuit of a terrified, helpless little animal. The set of pictures only requires one to complete it—one called "The Finish."

The *Whig* of May 2nd had the following statement: "Calabrese, now lying under sentence of death for the murder of his wife and four children, is described as about 30 years of age, a very quiet man, affectionate towards his children, and well liked in the neighbourhood. An hour or two before the murder he had had a little drink. Mrs. Calabrese, aged 26, was very much given to drink." That incident, without any working up, would give an excellent subject for a final whiskey advertisement.

Should it, however, be too lurid in colour for "Black and White," perhaps the incident mentioned by a speaker at the last Belfast meeting of the Irish Temperance League might prove suitable. This speaker told of a case, known to her, where a little naked body lay in a deal coffin—the body was naked because the mother had stolen the shroud and pawned



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it for drink. Possibly, however, the £1,000 to the *Daily Mail* may be so effective that no further pictorial display will be required.

In the same few weeks in which this "munificent gift" was blazoned over England, Lord Mount-Stephen sent £200,000 to the King's Hospital Fund, though two years before he and his cousin had handed £300,000 to the same fund, and some little time previously he had unostentatiously sent £30,000 to a local hospital in which he had received treatment when a young man.

A fortnight later Lord Strathcona cabled a gift of £50,000 to a hospital in Montreal which had been injured by fire.

These gifts, and many others given in the same two weeks, were noticed in a few paragraphs, some of them only in a few lines, and there were no letters (not even the King's) lithographed across three columns of any newspaper about them.

Those who have paid for newspaper advertisements will know whether or not Mr. Buchanan's £1,000 was badly invested.

In the same few weeks £3,500 was sent privately to General Booth to erect a shelter for homeless men, and strictest privacy was ordered in connection with the gift.

The gift was not from "the trade." The trade merely provided the occupants for the shelter.

In the same week, *The Times* stated that Mistral the poet, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize of 50,000 francs, had devoted the whole sum to a little

museum which he had founded, and that an American gentleman had offered 50,000 francs to help the fund thus inaugurated. In the *Echoes of Erin*, of April 15th, we read that Mr. George M'Ferran handed over to trustees for a Temperance Café at Larne, property for which he had paid £1,660, and on the same date we read that Mr. W. J. Crossley had given a sanatorium to the Manchester Hospital for Consumption. The cost of this sanatorium was estimated at £70,000, but has far exceeded that amount. Not long ago a friend of mine sat in church next Sir Saville Crossly and saw him (in response to an appeal for the poor) take a leaf out of his pocket-book and write an order for £1,000, and drop it into the collecting bag. A few months ago I noticed an appeal for a sum of money. Approving of the object, I made enquiries regarding the result of the appeal, and was told that Sir Hugh Smiley had called next day and given a cheque for the whole amount. I had seen no reference whatever in the Press to this fact, and on expressing surprise, my friend replied, "You evidently don't know Sir Hugh, since you are not aware that such actions are an every-day thing with him." The names of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Carnegie, and many others, are world-renowned for princely generosity, and yet we almost talk as if the cause of God and man was beholden to the paltry advertising investments of the liquor trade.

XXVII. It has often been asked in wonder why titles are conferred. Dodd's Parliamentary Record

leaves us in no doubt as to one baronetcy. It says Mr. Guinness got his baronetcy on account of restoring St. Patrick's. Now that baronetcy, blessed by the Church, flourished like Aaron's rod that budded, for in one lifetime it blossomed forth into two hereditary peerages.

I have never heard or read of two hereditary peerages conferred on one household before except when the great Lord Burghley's two sons were ennobled by Queen Elizabeth. To-day these sons are represented by the Earls of Salisbury and Exeter, and from Queen Elizabeth's time till our own Cecils and Burghleys have served the State.

May we, then, anticipate that one family, blessed by the Church and ennobled by the State, will provide the world with beer for the next 400 years? If so, who that desires a peerage would not restore a church or provide steeples with chimes of bells.

Sir Edward Clarke, at a cost of over £17,000, built a parish church, but as Sir Edward is a mere lawyer, who has earned his money by living like a hermit and working like a horse, he is simply Sir Edward still, and if his distinguished son should ever reach the House of Lords it will be by dint of his own labours, and not on account of his father's "munificent gifts," for that father is not in an occupation greatly petted by the Church.

In spite of these and scores of similar facts, it is to be assumed for ever that our churches can only exist by means of liquor donations?

XXVIII. A few months ago our foreign mission

collection was taken up. What would the heathens say in Manchuria and Kattiawar, in Southern India—among the Jungle tribes, and in sober, though unchristianized Japan, were it known that our last mission deputation was received in, and our last mission band sent out from, the great church of our capital city, and that that church was built from foundation stone to topmost steeple stone with the proceeds of God-accursed strong drink?

What would they say did they know that there are thousands of women in our drink-drenched slums who never hear the name of God except as an oath, and tens of thousands of children in our land who never heard the name of Christ except on Sabbath afternoons as an expletive from parents brutalized by that liquor which the Church tolerates between her diets of morning and evening worship? Would they not say, "Physician, heal thyself"?

What would they say did they know that the pulpit eloquence of the Irish Presbyterian Church is practised and acquired in a chapel built, not by the price of meat offensive merely to weak consciences and Temperance workers, but by the price of drink accursed throughout the whole Scriptures?

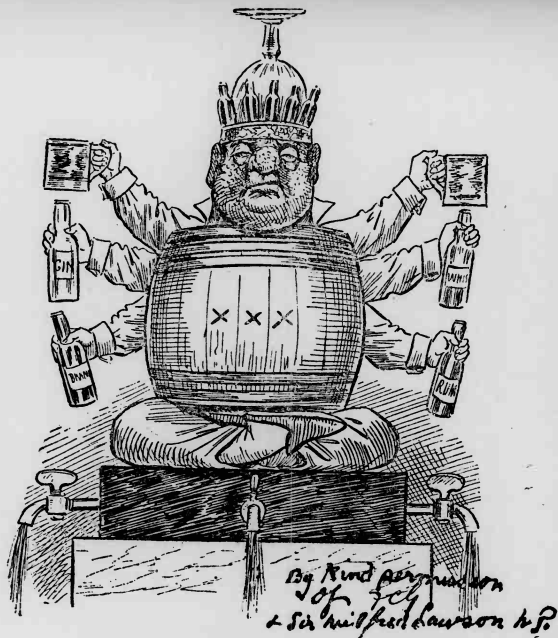
What would these non-Christians from Africa and among the Jungle tribes say did they know that from first year to last of their divinity training, whiskey scholarships are held before our future ministers and missionaries, and that the money thus *consecrated*! is not only produced by a trade accursed of God, but is also the price of the bread snatched with devilish

ingenuity out of the mouths of starving children, homeless wives, and sorely tempted poverty-stricken men?

What would they say did they know that we receive these gifts, although our Scriptures tell us, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house"; "A gift in secret pacifieth anger, and a present in the bosom strong wrath"?

What would they say did they know that the drink evil of Britain causes more widespread degradation, and is a greater hindrance to Christianity than any other evil the world has ever seen, and yet, that the Presbyterian Church, which arranges for the training of future ministers, requires them to be instructed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Catechetics, Logic, Metaphysics, and Mathematics, but does not provide them with temperance teaching of any sort—practical or theoretical.

Would the Orientals not say it looked as if whiskey "gifts had destroyed the understanding" of that Assembly? and if the sober Mohammedans knew that when the heads of our Church meet in an annual council to plan their campaign against the kingdom of this world, the subject of temperance has never received a tithe of the attention which was bestowed for fourteen years on organs *versus* tuning forks? Might these benighted heathens not think we badly needed the sermon of that painter preacher (Holman Hunt), who shows us shepherds so engrossed in the study of a moth, that they are heedless of the fact that the flocks under their care have broken



"How best can we exalt, you think,
These sixty years of glorious Drink?
The gaols and workhouses all round
And lunatic retreats abound,
And every workhouse, every gaol,
Tells trumpet-tongued the liquor tale.

Come, let us then some altar build
To Drink, who all our gaols has filled;
Britannia rules the ocean blue,
And Bacchus rules Britannia too."

bounds, and are battenning on things destructive and poisonous? Might not these sober Orientals think that by this devotion to (as the painter says) "vain questions of no value to any human soul" we strained at gnats and swallowed camels? If it is not possible for clergy at home (backed by hosts of zealous men and women) to fight the Mammon god of liquor of this land, is it not laying burdens grievous to be borne on young inexperienced men and women to ask them, single handed (and handicapped by a difficult foreign language—a trying climate, and racial lack of comprehension), to fight the idol worship of Africa or the Jungle tribes?

When glowing reports appear in our missionary records, do they not make us all ask ourselves, "Are we not idlers in fields also white unto harvest?" And when the report comes, "So little yet," are we not forced to feel that in warring against the powers of evil, the orders of the Home Church ought not to be *Ita* but *Venite*? and would the knowledge that we were engaged in a fierce crusade against the idolatry of the golden liquor calf of Christian Britain not greatly cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of the lonely toilers in Kattiawar and far Kirin?

Mr. Clarke, convener of the Home Mission, says, in the November "Herald," that a church with a weak Home Mission means a church weak in all directions—and he quotes the well-known words, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith."

Surely our mission to the slums is very weak;—

surely we have denied the faith when, with 6,000 churches and some millions of church goers, we permit the poor to be crushed, and we fawn on those "in whose houses is their spoil," and "whose right hand is full of bribes."

XXIX. Many of the older people of Ulster have heard of a famous sermon which was preached in several places against the theatre. When it came to be preached in Belfast, the clever wife of the clever theatrical manager went to hear it. She listened with most gratifying and rapt attention. She laid a fifty-pound note on the collection plate, and for days and weeks she spoke of this great and gifted orator, and of the good his sermon had done her, and of the sorrow she felt that he should (through want of knowledge merely) hold a narrow view regarding the stage and its educative powers. That sermon was never preached again. Had it done its work; or was the preacher blinded and perverted?

Why did the theatrical manager want the approval of the Church? Why has the stage tried again and again to procure it? Could the stage have this approval were theatres not so frequently in liquidation as they are, and were theatrical stock as valuable and paying as liquor shares?

I can only undertake to answer the first two questions. The stage has sought shelter under the wing of the Church because the managers know the enormous power of the Church to confer respectability and prestige on either an individual or a class. All people know well that the "good word" of a

Church, true (or even thought to be true) to her profession, is a most valuable asset, well worth having, even at the cost of £50 on a collection plate, or £1,000 in a chancel arch, or three whiskey scholarships in a divinity school; and so to-day, as in the days of Luther, indulgences from the Church are eagerly bought by communicants who hasten from the Lord's Table to make sure that as lively a business is carried on in the Sabbath public-houses as has already been carried on for sixteen hours a day in the six working days of the week.

XXX. Now, if the Christian flag can only be kept flying alongside of the gin palace flag, and by the price of ruined homes, and starved and beaten wives and children, and the degradation of sorely tempted men and women, would it not be better to furl the flag and close the churches rather than have them exist through a sleeping partnership invaluable to the liquor trade?

If, however, there are any who think it desirable to attend services in buildings erected in defiance of God's law, and profit by religion (?) paid for by the degradation and starvation of their fellow-creatures, and have in our land (smiled on by the clergy and carried on by honoured church members) a trade which would disgrace the savages of heathendom, perhaps even these people would think it well to have their religious funds somewhat less tainted with sin so heinously aggravated.

Perhaps they might be induced, in the name of humanity, to get their church endowments from the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo.

The British liquor trade as far surpasses the gambling trade of Monte Carlo in the aggravated heinousness of its sin and in its awful consequences to the world, as Monte Carlo surpasses in evil results the pitch and toss of two little arabs in the street. Monte Carlo is the holiday resort of the wealthy men and women of Europe. In the majority of cases the money lost to the Casino matters no more than a farthing matters to our working men at home; in a few cases it is the biter bitten, and now and again there is a victim, who is a victim through weakness and folly and greed, and he ends the matter by a bullet through his heart or a razor across his throat.

XXXI. Here is the published result in Britain alone of *two weeks* of the liquor trade,—a trade described by the *Lancet* as “the most powerful and fascinating means of degradation which human nature has found to degrade itself with”.—

Murders, - - - - -	5
Manslaughters, - - - - -	3
Suicides, - - - - -	29
Stabbings, etc., - - - - -	21
Premature, sudden, or violent deaths, -	62
Outrages and assaults, - - - - -	72
Assaults upon wives, - - - - -	41
Assaults upon constables, - - - - -	67
Cruelty to children, - - - - -	10
Juvenile intoxication, - - - - -	3
Old offenders - - - - -	49
Convictions for drunkenness, -	2,640

This list, quoted from the “Temperance Year Book for 1905” (price 2d., and obtainable from I.T.L. Office, 20 Lombard Street, Belfast), is too long to continue; but is it any wonder that Mr. Marchmont Williams, stipendiary magistrate, declared at Mountain Ash, on January 6th, of the Christmas “black list,” “one would think the people were celebrating the birth of the devil rather than the birth of Christ.”

This same book, on page 5, states that

Mr. Justice Grantham says, at the Winter Durham Assizes, “twelve murders, eighteen attempts at murder, and woundings without number, were the fare of the judges in one circuit, and in almost every case drink was the cause.”

Judge Rentoul, on January 14th, speaking from the bench of the Central Criminal Court of England, said: “I have to send this fine young man and brave soldier, with a hitherto spotless character, to a felon's cell for a brutal crime, committed solely through drink . . . which met him in the most attractive shape wherever he turned his face. He was, however, tempted with the full approval of the Government, the Parliament, and the Church of Christ. . . Every single crime in my present list comes through drink.”

Sir Robert Anderson, High Sheriff of Belfast, said on 18th January, that “he noticed every crime brought up in his year of office, with scarcely an exception, had resulted from drink. The one prisoner whom he had seen sentenced to death had committed his crime through drink.”

Mr. Justice Kenny ascribed "three-fourths of the crime of the country to drink," and added that, "with a fairly sober people, the criminal business of the Assizes would be small indeed."

The Recorder of Dublin declared that our capital city was a "sink of publicanism" and "saturated with drink."

If, in face of thousands of declarations similar to these, we continue to push on the liquor trade, whose profits endow the Church, no one can say "in ignorance we did it, as did also our rulers."

In view of soliciting church funds from a vastly less tainted source, let us consider the minor, though great, evils of Monte Carlo.

In pushing on the educational enquiries, suggested by the ex-Moderator of the Assembly, I investigated that devil's trap.

In it no boys are employed. The male attendants all looked over thirty years of age. Of women, there were only three attendants in the ladies' cloak room—all three were well past middle age.

No visitor, male or female, under twenty-one is permitted across the door of the gaming rooms, even when accompanied by, or at the urgent request of, parents.

A hint is never thrown out to visitors that they should support the tables; whereas the hints to support the public-house tables are broad and plain and frequent. So much for the Monte Carlo methods.

Now as to Monte Carlo from the philanthropic and patriotic point of view. The gaming rooms pay

all the taxes, all the cost of government, all the judges and army; maintain the roads and streets and lighting; education is free, and there are no rates. As to philanthropy, there are no poor in the Principality. The gaming rooms get their revenue from the wealthy foreigner, and not out of the mouths of starving children and beaten wives, and the pockets of the poor of the slums.

The gaming rooms pay the hotel bills of any who have been injudiciously reckless, and provide them with a second-class ticket home, and all needful expenses for the journey. The Casino also has as her pensioners those who have lost their all.

Who would not prefer to be a victim of the atheist Casino rather than of the Christian liquor trade?

Who could fail to think Monte Carlo money less tainted than Britain's Christian liquor money? Our Monte Carlo church endowments would not need to be named gambling or Casino funds, they could be called "Mount Charles Bequests," or "Donations from the *Cercle des Etrangers*," and just as "*hush money* to the press for holding their tongues" (see Cook's handbook) is liberally accorded, so assuredly would enough be handed out to build several churches and to double our Mission collections, if only the various Christian churches would arrange that the same number of clergy would take their stand behind the croupier's chair, and occasionally lend their eloquence in crying, "*Le jeu est fait, faites le jeu*," as took their stand last election around the battering rams of that trade that announced as its year's

victory, "We have successfully opposed the Temperance party," and that sent forth as its new battle cry, "Our trade our politics," and its new marching orders, "Make your influence felt."

In this connection it may be interesting to recall a fact stated in one of his March publications by Mr. T. P. O'Connor—namely, that one of the stipulations made with the founder of the gambling rooms in Monaco was that he should pay the salary of a bishop! A few years later this patron of bishops wished to increase the number of his gaming tables. He was permitted to do so on condition that he would build a cathedral! Being a clever man, he at once acquiesced; and, as a consequence of church patronage, his family to-day are not only prominent in the sporting circles of Europe, but are, Mr. O'Connor tells us, allied with the aristocracy of France, and are "hugely wealthy, very powerful, and very prominent." Mr. O'Connor says "it is not a very nice way of making money." Certainly not; but it is an unspeakably nicer way than the way of the British Christian liquor traders.

XXXII. Our own poet, who is also one of the world's greatest philosophers, has said—

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling."

Is it not strange that two trades, which flourish solely by preying on mankind, should be closely allied with that Church, whose Founder has asked: "What

shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"? and who has said: It were better for a man that "a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea," than that he should cause anyone to stumble? The Founder of the Christian Church has also said: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." That Church has so effectively served the gambling trade of Monte Carlo and the liquor trade of Britain that these two soul-destroying organizations which require neither diligence nor character, nor education nor ability, are now world-renowned for their wealth, power, and influence; but "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

As there is much in a name, the Monte Carlo funds could perhaps be named "Mount Charles Endowments."

London's cathedral is named after that man whose bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible, but who was not only ready to renounce for ever the meat which might cause his weak brother to offend, but even to be accused for his brethren. Under the shadow of this cathedral was erected a public-house, and over it flashed in golden letters, "St. Paul's Distillery." After a time the horrible sacrilege got borne in on the neighbourhood, and the *name* had to be changed. But the public-house under another name flourishes just as well, and appears to cause no mental disturbance to the pious worshippers in St. Paul's Cathedral. So assuredly it is a mistake to think there is nothing in a name. Who does not know that "Assembly's

Chapel," "Rutland Square Church," "Christ Church," "St. Patrick's Cathedral," "St. Peter's chancel," sound vastly better and less disturbing to the mind than whiskey synagogues or porter edifices of consecrated treble XXX.

XXXIII. In recent discussions regarding Temperance various charges have been made against Temperance workers. For example:—

- (1) That they are inconsistent.
- (2) That they are universal fault-finders.
- (3) That they are illogical.
- (4) That they have no respect for the dead, and so on.

To deal with the charges in the order of importance, let us take the last first.

It has been stated that we wrong the dead to attribute the drink-stained condition of our land to the fatal blunders which induced clergymen—otherwise, no doubt, faithful and good—to accept blinding and perverting gifts from the liquor trade. Adam, before the fall, was (it will probably be admitted) as good a man as any member, past or present, lay or cleric, of any church; but, in defiance of God's command, he accepted (he did not ask for) a blinding and perverting gift. The Westminster divines did not hesitate to say that Adam by his disobedience lost communion with God, and so brought sin and death into the world. Did they wrong the dead, and are we disrespectful to our common ancestor when we try to mitigate the evils which his disobedience brought upon us?

Presbyterian temperance workers only say that the Assembly made a gigantic blunder in accepting accursed money for religion. They never made any reference to the "sinfulness of her estate"; but if they must assume that our General Assembly cannot be guilty of a blunder, then are they not in a vastly more serious position than their Catholic fellow-Christians, who have only one infallible Pope, chosen with excessive precaution, and after apparently great proof of fitness for the post, whilst Presbyterians should have 650 popes, some of them barely out of their teens, and a retinue of attendant cardinals, bearing the name of elders?

Engineers revere the memory of George Stephenson. The railway rate of speed aspired to by him was twenty-nine miles an hour. Do engineers of to-day insult his memory, or assume that he was an unworthy member of their profession, because they run a Flying Scotchman or a Dublin mail at sixty miles an hour? and are temperance workers ungrateful for the heroic work of men who have entered into rest because they say the pace of fifty years ago must not govern the pace of to-day?

Had it not been permissible to say that errors, practical and doctrinal, had crept into the Church, we should have no Methodist Church, no Free Church, no Presbyterian Church—in fact, no Protestant Church in the world to-day, for each of these came into existence because there were people who did not think it wrong to say, "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge."

Had we been fettered by ancestor worship we should have no Habeas Corpus Act, no Catholic Emancipation Act, no Slave Emancipation Act, no Land Act, no Ballot Act, on our statute book to-day.

The second charge is that Temperance workers are universal fault finders. If a man saw another toiling up a hill, trying to carry water in a sieve, and said, "Your sieve is no use, and I am sorry for your profitless trouble, throw it away and take this can," would that man be a universal fault-finder?

The third charge is that they are illogical because they demand the refusal of liquor donations for the Church of Christ whilst admitting the impossibility of sifting liquor-made coins out of a collecting plate. Temperance workers have neither time nor taste for silly hair-splitting, which some people choose to call logic; but they assert that, even on the ground referred to, they are vastly more logical and consistent than those who sue for and accept liquor money for every department of church work, but will not openly run a distillery and a dozen public-houses in aid of the Foreign Mission and the General Assembly's colleges. A charge, loudly repeated, in the 16th century was, "that philosophy was held in no regard among the Lutherans." Many of the Protestant leaders considered the charge a compliment. If logic require the continued alliance of the Christian Church with the liquor trade, then those desiring a purified Church and (the inevitable result) a sober Ireland, are very proud to be called illogical.

The fourth charge is one of inconsistency, because

Temperance workers, asking that the Church should cease, in defiance of God's law, to accept gifts of accursed money for what is called God's service, do not themselves refuse to mend shoes, or make a bonnet, or teach a child, or build a steam yacht, or cook a dinner, or medically prescribe for the trade. This charge has been made by even teetotalers, of whom we must always remember there are said to be 75 per cent. in "the trade." We are told that the fumes of liquor intoxicate, and that people when intoxicated either see double or don't see at all. Surely this must be true, and the fumes must sometimes penetrate into teetotal circles; and surely these objectors must belong to the class who don't see at all, if they require to have the difference shown between gifts, and pay for value received. A cobbler is paid for dealing with old boots, a milliner for dealing with hats and bonnets, a doctor with sickness and health, a shipbuilder for turning out a sea-worthy vessel, and when they attend properly to these matters they have fulfilled the whole of their money obligation, and have justified their trade or professional existence; and no one for a single moment ever dreams of considering the cobbling, or ship building, or sewing, or teaching, or medicine, as bestowing in any way a certificate of character on those for whom the work is done. The clergy, on the contrary, have as almost their sole professional work the proclaiming of a standard of conduct and character, and the helping of the public to reach that standard. The letting of pews is a mere business transaction, apart altogether

from the clergyman's work. Pews may with perfect propriety be let to any applicant—in fact, must be so, unless there be repeated the fatal blunder which led the Presbyterian Church to assign to sessions the right to pronounce as to fitness for admission to the Lord's Table. The renting of a pew implies no more approval of the man who takes it than is implied by the doctor who prescribes for a patient. If, however, that doctor assumed that his patient was in perfect health, and brought that patient (though carrying with him the germs of a most infectious disease) into a prominent place in all the sacred family conclaves, and on every possible occasion made speeches about him, describing him as a benefactor to the town, as a great philanthropist, as a trusted friend, as a loyal colleague, and had his name inscribed in the sacred family archives (for example, the Minutes of the General Assembly), then that doctor would have acted towards that patient as almost all the Christian churches in this country have acted towards the liquor trade.

If, furthermore, that patient plundered and killed several persons every week, and enriched the doctor's private hospital with some of his gains, and the doctor never found fault with the source of the donations, but remained pleasantly "blinded" and complacently "perverted," that doctor would unquestionably, by his attitude of friendship, gratitude, and public laudation, be placing the imprimatur of his approval on his patient's iniquity.

XXXIV. That is exactly what Temperance

workers maintain the Church has done, and is continuing to do, for the liquor trade. She is giving that trade the imprimatur of her approval.

The Church is under obligation to maintain a standard of morals, and help the public to reach that standard, and the moment she ceases to fulfil these two obligations, that moment she becomes a cumberer of the ground—putting forth leaves, but no fruit—and that moment she ceases to have a right to exist. If the difference, then, between the effect of the Church accepting liquor endowments and a doctor taking a fee from, or a cobbler mending a boot for, or a committee renting a pew to a man in "the trade," require further elucidation, perhaps the question could be referred to a committee of logicians who have studied Hebrew and Aristotle, Greek and Exegesis, but plain people (who after all form the large proportion of the human race) have for themselves a perfectly satisfactory practical knowledge of the essential and radical difference, and do not require enlightenment on the subject.

XXXV. A question put to what are called advanced Temperance advocates is, "Would you risk stifling the awakening conscience of 'the trade' by refusing their gifts? In reply these advocates say, "Let the penitents of 'the trade' give their gifts according to Scripture command, which forbids the left hand to be informed what the right hand does; and they ask a question in return, which is: "Who ever heard of a donation from the liquor trade that was not given as a flaming advertisement, or as a

blinding and perverting gift to muzzle and handcuff the recipient?"

By means of a few paltry sums of money, advertised over the length and breadth of the land, a partnership has been formed which has ennobled the liquor trade, but which is ruining our country, and has degraded and is fast emptying the Christian churches. There are Dunville Health Lectureships which are periodically advertised week after week in the press of Ireland; and in Belfast, four acres of arid, treeless ground, ringed round with public-houses which necessitate a hive of police, but magniloquently named the "Dunville Park." There is a "trade" statue erected in Dublin. I do not know by whom; but Dublin would be better without the statue, and without "the trade," and without being such a city as is described as "a sink of publicanism." (Father Finlay stated on March 20th that the Irish drink bill had increased by £53,000, spent entirely on beer and porter.) When one remembers facts like these, one is forced to ask, "Has the liquor trade served the nominal Church of Christ for nought?" and one is forced to reply: The trade has got her pound of flesh, and the Church has paid her bond to the uttermost.

XXXVI. In London only one man in every two hundred ever crosses a church door. The reluctance to attend church is rapidly spreading through the provinces. Why is this? Is it not because the "hungry sheep" are fast losing any hope of receiving food at the hands of those who both passively and

actively declare, "We can and will serve God and Mammon."

Is it not because this liquor alliance has led the laity to feel that those in authority in our Churches are included in the indictment,

"Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Clothe it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it!"

As a consequence of this mistrust, the divine insatiable hunger in the human heart for meat to eat that the world knows not of, seeks to satisfy itself in scores of ways no longer connected with the Church—and so the Salvation Army, lay evangelists, lay Temperance and philanthropic organisations, flourish on every side.

XXXVII. If proof of the benumbing power of liquor gifts were required, surely abundant proof is found in our Church Praise. Hymns have been introduced into public worship to meet present day requirements.

The Hymnaries of the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches provide hymns for almost every season of the year and hour of the day, and incident of life, sacred or secular, from the cradle to the grave, but they have no temperance hymns.

Were temperance hymns purposely omitted because they would sound discordant and ridiculous in our liquor-built and liquor-endowed churches, and perhaps prove offensive to the ladies and gentlemen of "the trade," or were they omitted merely because the compilers were blinded or perverted?

The Wesleyans, true to the dictum of their great founder, "Church or no Church, the people must be saved," have struggled until they have almost shaken off the Devil's Chain from around their ecclesiastical body. The result of this freedom from the thralldom of sin shows itself in the fact that in a hymn-book just compiled they have dared to introduce a selection of "Temperance Hymns."

The police reports show us that in Belfast Temperance hymns are needed, but even there they would sound as discordant as in that "sink of publicanism"—our capital city; for from the steeple of St. Thomas's in County Antrim the apotheosis of liquor is rung forth, and wafted down to the Assembly's College, and borne thence across many a discredited church and many a desolated home, until finally it reaches County Down and the Parish Church of Bangor, where the chimes, as they ring out, seem to say—

"Waft, waft ye winds the story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a wave of ruin
It spreads from pole to pole."

This liquor anthem is caught up by the bells of Whitehouse Catholic Church, and, like an electric current, borne back to Belfast. On its way it gets renewed impetus from under the whiskey-built chancel of St. Peter's, where "Glory to God in the highest" might appropriately be followed by "But on earth glory to the liquor trade," and where the whiskey-bought windows, representing St. Peter in prison, and

St. Peter sinking beneath the waves, are very symbolic of the condition of our country, and very suggestive of a twentieth century denial of any knowledge of Him who said, "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs."

Surely from jail and workhouse, from asylum and hospital, as well as from almost every family circle in Ireland, a cry, "Come over and help us," must finally touch the hearts of heathen nations, and

"By many an ancient river,
On many a palmy plain,
Persuade them to deliver
Our land from sin and shame."

XXXVIII. There are in Ireland nearly 6,000 clergymen of the Christian Churches. Can each of these not influence ten men, and can 60,000 men not put an end to such horrors as are to be seen every Sabbath evening in scores of streets in the five chief towns of Ireland, and in ten thousand streets throughout Christian Britain? If not, surely the Church militant resembles that army whose hearts became as water because of the multitude of the enemy.

Lord Wolseley says, "There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also."

In spite of such warnings, are we forever to close our eyes to our inevitable national ruin? Are we for-

ever to live on terms of friendship with those declared by statesmen and soldiers alike to be Britain's deadly foe, by lawyers to be the cause of most of the national crime, and by doctors to be the cause of most of the national disease. Will the Church never admit that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?

Can the Church vote not close at least the door of the Sabbath public-house? If not, the Church vote is a very awful condemnation of the Church; and if our liquor sentiment is Christian sentiment, it is a very awful thing for us to try to carry such sentiment over to respectable heathen nations.

XXXIX. In Temperance work, all (whether stationary workers or advance workers) are agreed that prayer may help. But do they remember that there are conditions under which prayers cannot be heard, and are an abomination to God? and do they not know that these conditions are undoubtedly ours? Besides, Epictetus, though only a heathen slave, said but the truth when he declared that it was poltroonery to ask God to do for us those things which we can do for ourselves, and the whole of Christ's ministry proved that He never did anything for people which they could do for themselves.

The people filled the waterpots, and Christ made that wine of the East cheap, refreshing, invigorating, and harmless.

Christ fed the hungry, but the disciples handed round the food and gathered up the fragments.

Christ raised Lazarus from the dead, but the people rolled away the stone and loosed the bandages.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle"?



"I am a very great Temperance man,
But the liquor trade I will not ban,
For it might be right, and it might be wrong,
And that's the burden of all my song."

(With apologies.)

Christ accorded a miraculous draught of fishes, but the people cast out and drew in the net.

Christ said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells of a little child who prayed at her bedside, "Please, God, don't let the little birds be caught in Johnnie's trap." Her mother, fearing her faith might be shaken by sight of a captured bird, asked, "Do you think God will hear your prayer?" The little girl confidently replied, "Indeed He will, for I went out to the garden and I kicked the trap to pieces." Might a praying church, whose prayers for Temperance have not been answered, not follow (and with splendid results) that child's example?

The liquor manufacture and trade were carried on by savages in the Sandwich Islands. This does not greatly astonish anyone. May it astonish Protestants to know that a poor so-called "idoltrous papist," at risk of his life and at the cost of great unpopularity, went through those islands, and took neither peace nor rest till he put down the trade and till he smashed the stills and kicked the trap to pieces. Our astonishment, perhaps, may lessen when we remember that that "idoltrous papist" was the sainted Father Damien, and our national heart may beat to more joyous music and throb with renewed courage when we remember that his coadjutor was the Irish Brother James. Remembering these inspiring examples, could we not endeavour ere another Christmas morn to join hands with the followers of

Father Matthew, and stretch out the right hand of fellowship to those who follow Bishop Chadwick, and are ennobled by the memory of a Butler and a Robertson? Thus united, might we not then gain such a victory as would make Ireland once more the home of the saint, and once more the source of good news and glad tidings to Britain.

Purified from their liquor alliance, and starting in a united Christian effort to free Britain from the curse of drink, as she has been freed from the once widespread curse of leprosy, might our various Churches not arise "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Might we not (though our sins have been as scarlet) yet merit the sentence, "Enter into the joy of your Lord—as ye fought the battle for those that were sick and in prison, so ye have fought it for me?"

An impossible scheme? Surely not? One man with a revolver in his hand stopped the dumping of convicts in Australia. Can a few Temperance workers with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," not stop the dumping of public-houses next door to the poor and naked and hungry, who (although the outcasts of our churches) are, nevertheless, those regarding whom Christ said: "As ye have done it to them ye have done it to me."

XL. A sober Ireland has been spoken of as a forlorn hope. Is it not well that it should be so?

Are there any three words in the language so full of inspiration for Irishmen as these? Any three words which are in Ireland so like a bugle call?

If there is one fact which causes us in our distracted, storm-tossed little land to hold our heads proudly among the nations, it is the fact that Ireland's sons have often led a forlorn hope.

We read of one instance of the Victoria Cross being awarded to a clergyman. He was the Irish Chaplain Adams. We read that only once has the Victoria Cross been won by a father and his son. The father is Lord Roberts, and the son was he who gave his life for his Queen.

Need Temperance workers of Ireland to-day be reminded that David led a forlorn hope as he went forth with his sling and his stone? But David brought back the head of Goliath.

Elijah led a forlorn hope when he thought he was the only man in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

Daniel led a forlorn hope as at his open window he defied the King of Babylon the Great.

John the Baptist led a forlorn hope as he wandered through the wilderness crying, "Repent."

One mightier than all led a very forlorn hope as He climbed a hill, burdened with a cross, and crowned with a wreath of thorns.

Stephen led a forlorn hope as he cried, "Father, lay not this sin to their charge."

Paul (a man, though we love to dub him saint) led a very forlorn hope, but the doughty old warrior, stirred by the military music of his own chains, flung down the triumphant victor's challenge—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is

able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

The monk Telemachus led a very forlorn hope as he faced 87,000 wrong-doers in the Colosseum of Rome. He was thrown to the lions, but no man was ever again "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

St. Patrick led a forlorn hope as he brought Christianity to Ireland.

Columba led a forlorn hope as he crossed to our sister land.

Tyndale led a forlorn hope as he fled for his life from continental town to town, carrying with him the manuscript sheets of his English Bible.

James Renwick and Donald Cargill led very forlorn hopes as they died on a Scottish gallows.

John Wesley led a forlorn hope when, with four others, he was, in 1730, stigmatised by a young gentleman of Christ Church with the name of Methodist. Eight years after, when John Wesley, of gentle birth and ecclesiastical descent, and Oxford education, crossed the Rubicon, and flung aside the trammels of dead churchism, he seemed to lead a very forlorn hope, England was at that time in a state of heathenism. We read that no language can describe the degradation of the masses of the people.

The clergy closed their pulpits against Wesley. They intended to curse him, but they greatly blessed him, for Wesley, driven from consecrated (!) buildings, began his work for God and man standing on God's green earth and covered by the canopy of His sunlit sky.

He bestowed little labour on the persons respected by the law—he worked for the poor and needy, for whom a brother in Christ Jesus (General Booth) is similarly working to-day. It was with the utmost reluctance this descendant of a long line of clergy organized a separate Church; but this man, who fearlessly spoke the truth, "that Mahommedanism was surely let loose to reform the Christians"—"that those who feared God and worked righteousness according to the light they had, were more likely to sit down with Abraham in the Kingdom of God than merely nominal Christians"—this man who denounced in strongest terms the "execrable wretches" who wrangle at Church councils, and who, in days when churchism and priest-craft had all but killed religion in England, adopted as his governing principle the dictum, "Church or no Church, the people must be saved," was able with dying lips to exclaim—"The best of all is, God is with us."

Methodism to-day influences the religious life of over 25,000,000 people. Did, then, that young student of Christ Church lead a forlorn hope?

Wilberforce seemed to lead a forlorn hope as he wrought for forty years to knock the fetters off Britain's slaves.

Dr. Edgar was thought to lead a forlorn hope when he declared that drunkenness was a sufficient cause to render a man unworthy to preach the Gospel. His ideal is scarcely yet reached; but we are so fast approaching it that no one dreams of saying he led a forlorn hope.

John Brown, the farmer of Harper's Ferry, led a forlorn hope when to get weapons for the defence of the helpless slave he and eighteen men broke into the armoury of the United States.

The slave trade was defended from pulpits of almost every religious denomination in the republic, and it was declared in at least one church that "without a new revelation from heaven no man was authorized to pronounce slavery wrong." But history, sacred and secular, alike tell us that clergy who "corrupt the covenant," who join in the worship of Mammon, and who take up arms in the service of the devil, cease to have any power over the hearts of mankind, and so a faithless clergy can never for long block the way to progress. The moment clergy cease to regard the poor and needy, and begin to have respect only for persons with "gold rings and goodly apparel," that moment they sound their own death-knell, and that moment they begin to hammer with lightning rapidity the nails into their own ecclesiastical coffins. So, although buttressed by a faithless and corrupt pulpit, the slave trade fell, and, five years after John Brown had died on a Virginian gallows, liberty to the slave was proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln.

Will anyone say that Virginian farmer and his three sons died in vain?

Two men in Derry seemed, in 1875, to lead a forlorn hope when they were almost hooted off the platform of the General Assembly because they denounced the Assembly's declaration that the cele-

bration of the Lord's Supper in anything but intoxicants was contrary to the Bible, and was striking a blow at Christianity's central rite. These two men had but eighteen others to raise along with them a hand in favour of liberty to use non-intoxicants.

Do these men stand so much alone to-day, and in twenty years will there be twenty men in the Assembly to dare to say (as was practically said in Derry in 1875) that without a new revelation from heaven no man is authorised to celebrate the Lord's Supper in non-intoxicants?

If Temperance workers need anything more to inspire them, than the fact that they fight in defence of the naked and sick and hungered and imprisoned, surely they have their inspiration in the fact that a sober Ireland is declared to be a forlorn hope.

Workers in this so-called forlorn hope have enough belief in their cause to have no hesitation to-day in saying—"Rich men of Ireland, if you know whom you have believed, will you give some money to Him who has said, 'As ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it to Me.'

"Poor men of Ireland, if you believe that 'the people shall be willing in the day of His power,' will you give your prayers and your sympathies for the cause of the 'poor and the needy and him that hath no helper'?

"Young men of Ireland, you have been told to 'rejoice in your youth.' Will you use some of that youth as an offering to Him who has said, 'Bring the whole tithe into the storehouse, and prove me if I

will not pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes'?

"Women of Ireland, your sisters in the East were the last around the Cross and the first at the empty Tomb. Will you to-day stand aloof from the cause of the destitute and helpless, or will you earn the royal rank offered by Him who said, 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is . . . my sister and mother?'"

That will has been defined for us in those eight verses of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, which begin—"Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh"—and which end with the words, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

XLI. To Temperance workers I make just one appeal, and I venture to offer just one word of advice; it is—to throw aside every weight, and the sin which so easily besets. In this great work can we not all throw aside the weight of want of hope and courage, the weight of little petty prejudices and trumpery considerations, and (the heaviest weight of all) the little tin-god of our own past, and our unwillingness to swerve from a wrong position which in ignorance or inexperience we may have taken up, and which (in our own infallibility) we persist in saying was right for the past, right for the present, and right for the future. To-day there is ringing from the helpless and tempted in every slum and prison and hospital in our land, and from thousands of homes throughout

the country, a cry similar to that which ultimately brought Paul to a Roman dungeon, but which gave him the great honour of being counted "worthy to suffer," and the cry is, "Come over and help us."

Who doubts but that if our drink-stained land were a sober land it might once more become, by God's help, what it was in the past—a land of scholars and a land of saints? As a sober nation, might we not win from the King of Kings the military honour of leading the van in a crusade more glorious than any of those in which kings and emperors were proud to enlist? A Temperance crusade would not be for an empty tomb: it would be for the bodies and the souls of the brothers and sisters of our King Jesus—a King who has Himself claimed the relationship with an emphasis so strong, that none has ever denied in words the royal kinship we seem so often to deny in deeds.

Remembering the words, "inasmuch as ye have done it for the least of my brethren, ye have done it for me," can we not form a united brotherhood, and go forth in a new crusade against the great enemy of our homes, our churches, and our race?

Recently, when Britain's flag was in peril, the Irish Fusiliers played such a part in its defence that our loved Sovereign gave to Irish soldiers the long-coveted right to wear their national emblem openly as a badge of loyalty.

Can we not get a united Christian Irish regiment to fight for the flag of Jesus Christ? It has been too long stained with blood and mire. He has told

us it is not His will "that one of these little ones should perish." Can we think that it is His will that our graves should have to open daily for the bodies of those slain by strong drink; of children murdered by their drunken parents, of parents slain by their drunken sons, and for the bodies of those who have died of hearts broken through the curse of strong drink? This loyal Irish band might win back another lost honour for Ireland.

The Irish Fusiliers did not waste their energies over such questions as who was from Cork or who from Antrim, who was Protestant or who was Catholic, who was Churchman or who Dissenter? They were all soldiers of the Queen with no side issues to think of, and wherever the war raged most fiercely there were they found.

Can the soldiers of King Jesus—brothers in Christ—not fight as one regiment for King and country? Can they not fight as one regiment in a bloodless but uncompromising war for a purified Christendom and a sober Britain?

XLII. But even in such a regiment some drilling might be necessary. It might be necessary to ask Temperance workers to get all members of their party to abstain from boasting of their teetotalism. Such a boast strikes one as being as laughable as if we boasted of being vaccinated, or of eating Quaker oats, or of carrying an umbrella at Killarney. Besides, as 75 per cent. of "the trade" are teetotalers, teetotalism need not be put forward as proof of a Temperance Israelite in whom there is no guile.

It might perhaps even be necessary to urge Temperance advocates to refrain from taking pride in some little financial sacrifice which they may have made for their principles.

A Japanese soldier could get better pay as a Russian spy. Many a Scotchman could have got a large fortune for betraying a fugitive Stuart. It is no great matter for glory that the Jap is poorer because he is not a Russian spy, or the Scotchman because he was not a betrayer of his king.

The editor of the *Munsey*—a well-known American secular magazine—states in the February number of this year that he will "receive no more advertising contracts for whiskey, beer, wine, or objectionable medical advertising." This decision will, it is estimated, entail a loss of 75,000 dollars per annum.

The *London Daily News* has, I believe, refused to publish liquor advertisements or gambling advertisements.

I know a girl, not a teetotaler, and not an advocate of teetotalism, who gave up an easy post at a fashionable buffet, and took one at several shillings a week less, and with nearly double work, because she had occasionally at lunch hour to serve gentlemen with a "whiskey-soda." Therefore for Christians who believe liquor-money to be cursed of God it is surely no great matter for glory that they have not profited by the liquor trade.

Last of all, a "forward-moving" regiment would need to be always on guard against the brawler who is a teetotaler and nothing else.

Before the Temperance army can make much headway it must be freed from a detachment of camp-followers who bawl on platforms about their own teetotalism, and rush into self-advertising print with the arrogance of imperial dictators, but when work is to be done are generally either absent or blocking the way.

When we find at times civil war in the Temperance ranks over some side issue or far-distant aim, does it not seem as sad as it would if we read that the Israelites, when struggling up the banks of the Red Sea, with Pharaoh and his hosts in hot pursuit, had fallen upon each other over the question of the ventilation of Solomon's Temple, or the embroidery of high priests' robes?

Is it not this internecine strife in the Temperance ranks over trivial details which has kept us wandering so long in the wilderness?

Finally, Temperance workers would require to remember that, "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." They would require to remember that they owe the chivalrous courtesy of the certain victor to the opponent who is making his last despairing show of fight.

The London *Daily News*, regarding our North Sea Tragedy, said:—"We shall commit a fatal error if we convince the Russians that we wish to humiliate them. We shall not make it easier for them to speak if we keep shouting, 'Time, Time.' Let us keep our heads; and while pressing firmly and unremittingly for satisfaction and security, let us press it as gentle-

men. Let us avoid placing them on the point of honour. We are so completely in the right that we can afford to keep our tempers and our manners."

May I say that the Temperance party will commit a fatal error if they convince opponents that they wish to humiliate them? Would it not be very desirable for every member of that party to say, "We are so completely in the right that we can afford to keep our tempers and our manners. We shall commit a fatal error if we convince opponents that we wish to humiliate them."

XLIV. The regiment of Temperance workers has even already filled many a hopeless heart with hope.

There is an old song which tells of a soldier who lay dying. Suddenly he opened his death-dimmed eyes, and a look of triumph shone therein as he said—

"'Tis growing very light, Mother;
I hear the angels' wings;
No more the mustering cry "To arms"
Out on the still air rings."

With many it is just the opposite. Our drunken land, our desolated homes, our churches polluted as were the Grecian *seasts* by the visits of the harpies, had fostered an almost deathlike despair, but now Temperance workers can say—

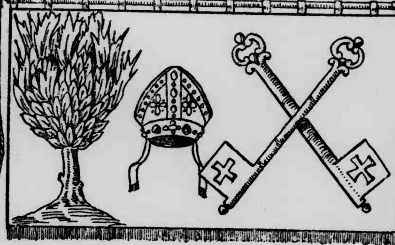
"'Tis growing very light, brothers,
We hear the angels' wings;

but it is *because*

"The mustering cry 'To arms!'
Out on the still air rings."

Temperance workers have adopted the cry of that clerical patriot, "Here goes in the name of the Lord." They remember that God is not always on the side of the heavy battalions, they realize that God's arm is not shortened, that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear, and so they are going out in a battle on behalf of the poor, and destitute, and tempted with but one thought in their hearts—"I go, and if I perish I perish," and with but one cry on their lips, "God and the right, God and our fellow-men."

The Christian Church.



THE LIQUOR TRADE.

Then hurrah! for the creed which we
recognise fully,

The banner round which all good
Brewers repair;

We'll degrade and we'll ruin, and the
slums we will harry,

A few more donations will make us
all square.

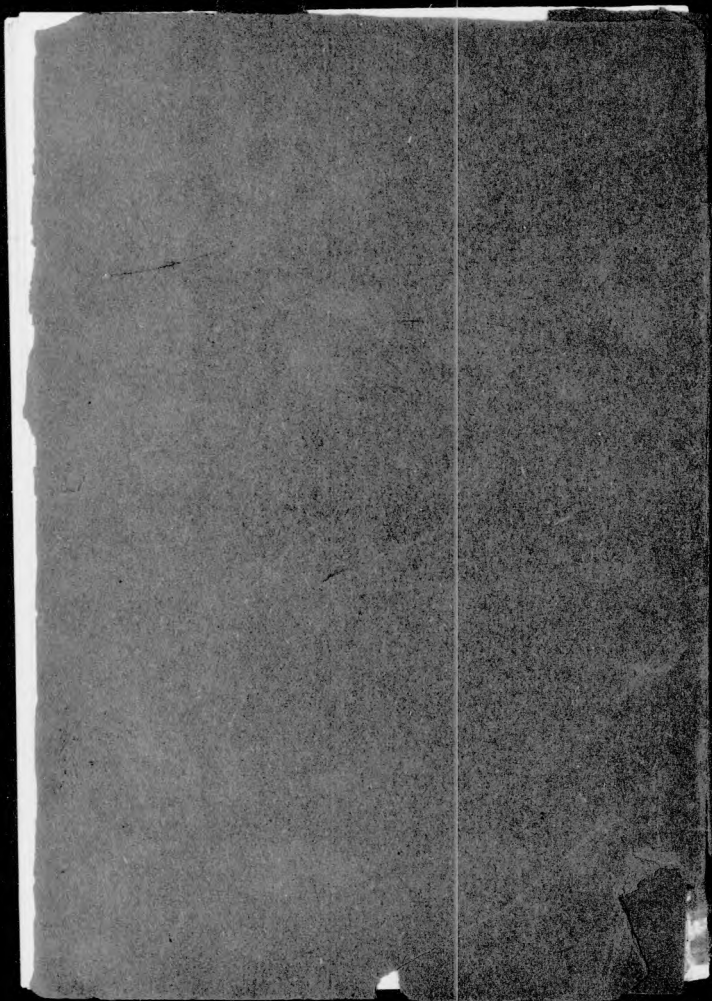
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